A Collection...

i cannot fight.

so i will write.

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Dedication

I dedicate this book to all the families and victims whose lives have been broken, destroyed, devastated, and invaded by: false accusations, police brutality, injustice, inequality, hatred, racism, and addictive and co-dependent relationships.

Hello Readers...

In many on-going and past cases, the identities of "victims" are hidden or sealed, but the identities of the accused are often blatantly put into the spotlight–even if the accusations are false. One of the greatest fallacies of our judicial system is that not everyone in the system is honest. On top of that, the falsely accused often reap tainted reputations, financial loss, emotional loss, and career loss due to these false accusations. Yes, sometimes the falsely accused obtain reparations, but *many do not*.

Many of us want to believe that all district attorneys, judges, police officers, lawyers, and detectives are honest people who only want justice, but biases, racism, misuse of financial resources, and negligence are often rampant and very present in many cases–especially cases involving minority groups. Yes, there are many cases that are dealt with fairly, but there are so many that are not handled fair. In some cases, racism blatantly occurs and nobody does anything about it; unfair circumstances happen more often to those who are at a

natural disadvantage than their white and/or upper-class counterparts.

Often times, many people in law enforcement and the judicial system simply want to put a person in jail or prison to make a name for themselves or obtain more money for their district, county, city, and state. Private and public incarcerating institutions are very profitable businesses. I am not implying that many people are only thrown in jail for profitability related reasons, but this is one reason why people are zealous to send people to jail/prison.

Of course, we can't forget that the institutionalization of racial identities other than white is also a rampant issue–especially for black men; this is one new form of slavery, which is also an indirect form of hatred and fear. You would think after so many years of slavery that involved situations of: unnecessary punishment, familial destruction, inhumane torturing, hanging, rape, unlawful behavior, etc. that people would finally give African-Americans a break, but in today's society we can see that this is not the case. Many African-Americans are being unnecessarily arrested, murdered,

falsely accused, given unfair trials with negligent handling of their cases, and hurt because of the *color* of their skin.

The right to a fair trial and case is an imperative freedom that should be afforded to EVERY American of EVERY race. **Innocent until factually proven guilty** needs to be *remembered* and *adhered to* in *all* cases. The news and media will often throw a person under the bus before finding out the *actual* facts of a case. We claim that a person has the right to a fair trial, yet we allow the media to taint audiences before a trial even occurs–which is complete bullshit. I learned to not judge those accused of wrongs before learning all the facts and before a trial has even begun. The media often doesn't know all the information and factors of a case, and neither do we.

In order to change our society for better and to mitigate racism, we must first change ourselves. We must first love ourselves, and then others. We must first educate ourselves, and then others (if they are open to it). But we must always start with ourselves. Once we change ourselves, society will follow.

Part I

First Collection: Ride or Die

Ride or Die Love

When I'm weak, I draw strength from you
God never felt so close
We will see this through
We can get through anything and everything together

The Song of Justice

I'll fight for you
I'll die for you
I love you

You matter to me
My heart loves thee
You will be free

Crucible

Come on

Stay strong just a little longer

Come on

Freedom is on its way

Come on

Keep walking

Come on

Get on my back...I'll carry you

Come on

We are heading towards something greater than us

Unconditional Love

There's no other man I've loved like you
My own flesh and blood
I feel your pain
I feel your struggle
I struggle with you
I cry with you
I bleed for you
I pray on my knees next to your side
I stay strong, not for me, but for you
I'm running for you
I'm standing still for you
I'm not giving up on you
I weep for your struggle
For *our* struggle
I weep because...I love you

Back Home Again

I'm going to live
Like you're coming home tomorrow
I'm going to live
Like I haven't been through ample sorrow
I'm going to live
Like you're innocent
I'm going to live
In the moment
I'm going to live
Like you're here with me
I'm going to live
And have faith that any day now you will be free

Mother

Don't forget that I approve of you
Don't forget that you are my son
Don't forget that you are special
Don't forget that you are valuable
Don't forget that God is with you
Don't forget that I am with you
Don't forget that I love you

Joy

I can't *lose* you, *too*
You got to stay strong–for *my* sake

Oceans

Stay above the waves
Don't get lost in the waves

Though they come crashing down
You will rise above

From Where You Are

"So far away from where you are
These miles have torn us worlds apart
And I miss you
Yeah, I miss you
So far away from where you are
Standing underneath the stars
And I wish you were here
I miss the years that were erased
I miss the way the sunshine would light up your face
I miss all the little things I never thought that they'd
mean everything to me
Yeah, I miss you
And I wish you were here
I feel the beating of your heart
I see the shadows of your face
Just know that wherever you are
Yeah, I miss you
And I wish you were here
I miss the years that were erased
I miss the way the sunshine would light up your face
I miss all the little things
I never thought that they'd mean everything to me

Yeah, I miss you
And I wish you were here
So far away from where you are
These miles have torn us worlds apart
And I miss you
Yeah, I miss you
And I wish you were here"

–Jason Wade

Second Collection: Mixed Emotions

What's The Charge?

I PRAY it's not....
I will never be there
But, I wish I was
Then I could vouch *more* truth
The missing puzzle pieces of this lie
Oh, how they make my mind go awry
I feel the hurt, pain, and vengefulness from all sides

Prayer

I pray that your lie crumbles
I pray that your words fumble
I pray that you regret your lies
I pray that your mendacity dies
I pray that you have no rest
I pray that you don't pass the test
I pray that God intervenes
I pray that your vengefulness be seen

Heinous Crime

You shame the victims
whose trials mean something

You shame the victims
who were left with nothing

You shame the people
who fear to tell the truth

You shame the nation
for your fictitious coup

Selfish

How could you live in such serenity
While my family weeps tragically
What makes you think that you could win
What makes you think that you've no sin

Mitigation to Litigation

How could you make
an innocent man pay
for the pain you never owned up to

How could you make
a family suffer
for the hurt you've felt
that you've tried to buffer

RichWhiteFem

Use your power to tell your lies
Use your power to make *them* die
Use your power to kill *their* futures
Use your power to perpetuate the system

Dagger

You don't know the story
But tell the world our story
You were my best friend
But life paid a visit
You sided with them
And forgot about him
You never verified
You simply took their side
You're fake and elusive
Just like your past
I hope your conscious haunts you
Just like the demise of your dad

Truth Wins–Always

There is humility
In your defiance
There is coming destruction
In your alliance
There is a voice
Inside your head
That whispers gently
Be careful of what's ahead...

I Pray for The Vindictive

I pray for strength
I pray my anger subsides
I pray my hatred dies
I pray our truth and your lie collide
I pray God touches your heart
I pray your lie rips you apart
I pray for mercy on your soul
I pray that you will not always be so cold
I pray that God forgives you
I pray that someone befriends you
I pray that you start loving yourself
I pray that you learn how to handle the cards you are dealt
I pray that the light is shined upon you
I pray that you receive chance number two

Queasy

Sickness is what I felt when you sat behind me
Uneasy is what I felt when you gazed upon me
Evilness is the vibe that you gave to me
But love is what I give to you

Raw Emotions

I don't condone violence
but sometimes a bitch gets slapped

I don't condone *violence*
but sometimes you must *fight* and defend yourself back

Channel Correctly

I am irate right now
I am bitter
I am not used to *feeling* hatred
I have to channel this correctly
So these feelings don't destroy me

Update Your Picture?

I'm confused
If that happened to me
I wouldn't be posting

The charge you claim
Is too traumatic

But okay
Pucker your lips
Move your hips
Show off your stuff
Put on an immaculate bluff

Be happy
Be merry
Be joyful
The day "it happened"

Independent

I am everything you are not
I don't pay you no mind
I am powerful

You know nothing aside from money
You despise my wholeness and intellect
You wonder why no one wants to be with you
But you can't even be with yourself

Third Collection: In My Blackness

A Poem

There Is Beauty
In My Blackness

There Is Freedom
In My Bondage

There Is Love
In My Hatred

There Is Peace
In My Anger

There Are Blessings
In My Curses

There Is Justice
In My Injustice

There is Truth
In My Lie

There Is Joy

In My Sadness

There Is Light
In My Darkness

There Is Unity
In My Solitude

There Is Willpower
In My Defeat

There is Happiness
In My Depression

There Is Intelligence
In My Weakness

There Is Kindness
In My Rudeness

There Is Boldness
In My Meekness

There Is Blackness

In My Beauty

In My Blackness

Why is the color of my skin a target?
Why is the tone of my voice so harshly criticized?
Why does the *texture* of my hair strike such curiosity?
Why does the color of my skin raise unreasonable suspicion?
Why am I crucified for not being like *you?*
Why can't I *feel* or *be* angry without the ramifications and assumptions that come with it?
Why does the color of my skin conjure fear?
Why am I punished for being Black?

Abused Power

They take our things like we have no rights
They raid our homes like we have no might
They talk down to us–to our race–out of spite
Their faces, filled with disgust, by our successful and beautiful sight

Unnecessary Raids

I never expected to not feel safe in my own home
They brought a whole unit
Like we were a crime scene
They threw all our stuff
Like we were worth nothing
But for what...?

False Eyes

When we are strong
Fear floods their eyes
They aren't used to seeing support in *our* community
When we demonstrate it
They classify our unity as "intimidation"

Black History

Epiphanies

Experiences

Feelings

Memories

Poems

Recollections

Stories

Sympathies

Tales

Trials

Tribulations

Fourth Collection: Bondage

Proof

Keep track of me

You will need me one day

Don't be too trusting

Even the best betray

Hope Where Art Thou

Where is hope when your black and male

Where is hope when your accused and blackmailed

Where is hope when they hate you with might

Where is hope when they have always been filled with spite

Where is hope when you're broken down

Where is hope when you're surrounded and found

Where is hope when lies enclose you

Where is hope when your spirit loses you

Where is hope when it's *you* against *them*

Where is hope when you are condemned

A Bond...Please

White and Rich

Black and Broke

White and Unforgiving

Black and Apologetic

White and Powerful

Black and Weak

Godspeed

i hide away
in innocence

i hide away
in defeat

i hide away
cause "victims" win

i hide away
hoping for godsend

I Was Unconscious

Why did I fall for you?

You loved me

Why did you become this?

I was always this

Why are you trying to destroy me?

My darkness overtakes me

Why did you try to pit my loved ones against me?

I'm selfish

Why are you angry?

You left me

Ivy League

Give him probation

But give me no bond

He gets a chance

But I am no *blonde*

Take away my life

But let him thrive

Do you feel peace?

While *we* try to survive?

Bias

I guess since he's a star

His don't count

I guess since she's white

She doesn't have to fight

I guess since *I'm no one*

Everything counts

Shock

How could you hurt

The one you love

How could you kill

You're only dove

How could you live with sanity

How could your mind ever be free

How could I go, so every blindly

Mental

Though I am not you

And you are not me

I will take a stand against the lies of thee

Because I don't believe in the lies of the *mentally unfree*

The Lion's Den

Now that my rights have been stripped away

Now that my life has been stripped away

I have *nothing,* but myself to face...which is *everything*

In this cage, will come out a man greater than the one that first entered in here

HEAR MY ROAR!

Co-Written by P.H.

The System

I thought the system fought for justice
I thought the system could be trusted
I thought the system was free of corruption
I thought the system fought for black men
I thought the system protected the accused
I thought the system wasn't abused
I thought the system hired the honest
I didn't realize injustice was so chronic

Trust

Who do we trust when illegality thrives
Who do we trust when the DA lies
Who do we trust when the truth is hidden
Who do we trust when racist police give in
Who do we trust when corrupt power is white
Who do we trust when only white is right
Who do we trust when racism thrives
Who do we trust when our freedom dies

Pulled Over

When I stop my car
I hope the *sirens* are black
When I stop my car
I hope the camera is not lack

The Justice System's Fallacy for the Falsely Accused

The "innocent" are hidden
The "victims" are not imprisoned

The accused are revealed
The "crimes" are not sealed

The truth could take time
But the "victims" don't mind

The accused lookout for a date
In a box awaiting their unknown fate

Honest Policemen

Put yourself in my shoes
If you value your life
Why do you cause
All this unnecessary strife
What if this was your child
And they've done nothing wrong
What if this was your child
Falsely accused by a "victim's" song
If you value your life
You will value others
If you value others
You will have honest lawful endeavors
Be honest
And fulfill your duty
Be honest
Be one of the few amongst the many

The Forgotten

While the "innocent" are protected
The truths of the accused are rejected

While the "innocent" lie
The accused die

While the "innocent" create slaves
The accused walk to their grave

While the "innocent" blossom
The accused are forgotten

Part II

Wicked Game

"The world was on fire and no one could save me but you.
It's strange what desire will make foolish people do.
I never dreamed that I'd meet somebody like you.
And I never dreamed that I'd lose somebody like you.

No, I don't want to fall in love (this girl is only gonna break your heart)
No, I don't want to fall in love (this girl is only gonna break your heart)
With you, with you (this girl is only gonna break your heart)

What a wicked game you play to make me feel this way.
What a wicked thing to do, to let me dream of you.
What a wicked thing to say, you never felt this way.
What a wicked thing to do, to make me dream of you

And I wanna fall in love (this girl is only gonna break your heart)
No, I wanna fall in love (this girl is only gonna break your heart)

With you.

The world was on fire and no one could save me but you.
It's strange what desire will make foolish people do.
I never dreamed that I'd love somebody like you.
And I never dreamed that I'd lose somebody like you,

No, I wanna fall in love (this girl is only gonna break your heart)
No, I wanna fall in love (this girl is only gonna break your heart)
With you (this girl is only gonna break your heart)
With you (this girl is only gonna break your heart)
No, I... (this girl is only gonna break your heart)
(this girl is only gonna break your heart)

Nobody loves no one."

–Chris Issak

Sixth Collection: Addictive Love

Addictive Love

1 Familiarity
2 Interest
3 Wonder
4 Sex
5 Love
6 Insecurity
7 Addiction
8 Victimization
9 Dislike
10 Bitterness
11 Anger
12 Hatred
13 Abandonment
14 Suffering
15 Revenge

History

Give me a diet coke and a book
Give me a quiet night with a loving look
Heal my soul and give me strength
Heal my body and give me sense
Love me always, never leave my side
But leave my side and I will strike your *life*

Insecurity

I hate her success
She did it on her own

I was handed everything
She was given nothing

He praises her
So, I hate her

Don't talk about her
Or I'll just feel insecure

Self-Hatred

I'll fuck up your life
If you leave me

If you leave me
I will surely make you bleed

I'll kill myself, if you leave
I'll hurt myself, if you leave

I'll die on the inside, if you leave
But if I survive, I will surely make you bleed

I don't value my own life
So, I don't value yours

If you leave me
I will pronounce war

Seventh Collection: Love to Hatred

Crazy

I love a black man with a little bit of belly
I love a strong man who can protect me
I love a man who *cannot* harm me
I love a man who is damaged like me
I love a man who will bend by threats made by me
I love a man who will always *rescue* me
I love a man who is disadvantaged compared to me
I love a man whose life could be stripped away by a *single* word from me
I love a man who has a good heart that is too trusting of me

Those who love me are not allowed to leave me
I'll never let you get away

Coercion

I never got justice
The story stayed in me
I never got justice
So this time I'll defend me

Though *he* is the story
And you are not *him*
The story will be you
I will finally get *revenge*

Self-Destruct

I have no boundaries
I have no life
I can't stand up to mommy or as a wife
I live in strife
I have no sanity
I've lost my mind
I've been burned one too many times
I've bottled up pain with no one to listen
I'm settled now but my scars still glisten
I hate myself and all who leave me
I can't control the anger stored within me
I didn't speak then, so now I will
I will make him suffer for the ones who hurt me
I'm out to *kill*

Lifetime

You're the victim
I'm the star
This is lifetime
You will remember me
By the scar

I'm the "VICTIM!"

Sell me your soul
Sell me your freedom
And you'll never get it back
Because **I'm the "victim"**

Try to defend
Try to pretend
But you'll never win
Because **I'm the "victim"**

Privilege

I know I can win
Because I'm white

I know I can win
Because they'll believe I'm right

I know I can win
Because I'm rich

I know I can win
Because I'm that bitch

I know I can win
Because he's black

I know I can win
Because my *stories* are in tack

Eighth Collection: Generational Cards

Money Comes with Strings Attached

Take this house
You deserve it
Take this house
But remember who gave it
Take my gifts
Because I *love* you
Take my gifts
But do right by me
Stay in touch with me
I want to be close
Stay in touch with me
Because I love control
Live your life the way you want
But be wary, I don't take it all back at once

Paralysis

I'm so scared
I can't stand up to her
I live in fear
I have no guts
I have no confidence
I have nothing except the thoughts they've bestowed
upon me

Pushover

Daddy will listen
He loves hearing lies
He will never know
Because I'm his pumpkin pie

Daddy won't leave me
He left
He left
He left
But daddy won't leave me

Like Mother, Like Daughter

Mommy taught me well
To lie and cheat
I'm a master at it
I have never experienced defeat

Conditional Love

I'll come in, when he comes out
I'll love you, when you leave him
I'll love you, when he moves out
I'll love you, when you stop drinking
I'll love you, when you stop having sex
I'll love you, when you are single
I'll love you, when you marry rich
I'll love you, when you act *Christian*
I'll love you, when you marry your own *kind*
I'll love you, when you do as you're told
I'll love you, when you forget that you're grown
I'll love you, when you are miserable like me
I'll love you, when you are dying inside like me
I'll love you, when you feel hatred towards *them* like me
I'll love you, when you manipulate the good like me
I'll love you, when you sacrifice your happiness for me
I'll love you, when you realize mother knows best
I'll love you, when you become me

Animosity

Hatred, that's the only thing she felt
Hatred, for the hand she was dealt
Hatred, for the daughter she bore
Hatred, for the ones who ignored
Hatred, for those who differed
Hatred, for those who protested
Hatred, for those with chocolate skin
Hatred, for those who didn't seek *her* "Jesus" from within
Hatred, for her offspring who deviated
Hatred, for the ones she never accepted

Ninth Collection: Afterthoughts

You Left Me

I can't control
The loss I feel

I can't control
The rage I feel

I can't control
The spite I feel

I can't control
How sick to my stomach I feel

I can't control
The abandonment I feel

Broken Hearted Girl

I'm upset
Because you left

You stole my heart
You wretched theft

Bitter Goodbye

I put him away
But why?

I put him away
Based on a lie

I put him away
And I cry

I put him away
Because he left me to *die*

Karma

Unrest
That's what I feel

No peace
That's my deal

Unlucky
That's how I feel

Fearful
For the future, I kill

Karma
Is looking for me

This decision
Was not a victory